

F.A.  
reserve  
closet



★ 4073.326



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∴ AMERICAN ∴

∴ ART ∴

ASSOCIATION

∴ OF · · PARIS ∴





This article  
was written fourteen years ago

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## The American Art Association of Paris

now situated at

No. 74, Rue Notre-Dame des Champs,

has had a most successful career, and desires your

hearty co-operation

YRABU OUBU  
ENT TO  
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Wounded.

June 12, 1904



*American  
Art      ✨      of Paris.  
Association*

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1894

Times Printing House  
725 Chestnut Street  
Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.



WHAT a fascination there is in an old crumbling wall, just high enough to prevent our seeing what is behind it! What a field for our imagination it offers us! We can fancy all sorts of things concealed behind it—things of the past, with their web of romance around them, old ruins and older histories. If possible, we strain our necks still higher, as we pass some particularly low, worn spot, in order to see what is to be seen and certainly meant not to be seen. That it is undignified and evinces an improper curiosity concerns us but little, and, if anything, increases the inborn desire to see. There is so little risk and so much to be gained. Why, we may stumble onto a sleeping beauty or some other equally improbable thing.

We are mostly art students who conduct ourselves thus recklessly. We are on the hunt for little bits of nature, and every suggestion of a possible "bit" awakens our sense of search, and we crane our necks over the walls to the utmost in hopes of a final discovery.

Here in Paris there are many of these old walls, over the despairingly high tops of which great trees send forth defiant branches. In order to satisfy our curiosity we must, however, mount to the imperial heights of a passing tram, if we are lucky enough to have one pass that way, and from its cool top enjoy our sense of triumph. Often we see parks with lawns, moss-grown fountains and rose hedges gone wild; and back behind the trees some old homestead which neither time nor a Republic can rob of its air of proud inheritance. What scenes must

have passed under its diamond-tiled roof and under the stately trees that vainly try to hide it from vulgar, plebeian eyes! Is not *this* the field we are looking for? Can we not go back to a cosy nook in our studios and, to the soft strumming of our cracked guitars, build us such castles and weave us such scenes as our wildest imagination can suggest and our hearts desire?

Dear, beautiful Paris! How every thirsty, creative soul loves your grandeur, your history and your romance; and how your walls and your trees speak to us, if we will only listen! As we stand on the bridge and look dreamily over the dark, swift waters, the old spirit of the Seine rises up before us and tells us stories we had not dreamt of—stories of pomp and power, of jealousies and ruins and the story of the stately old times that have been and never will be again. Not that the present is less good or less beautiful, but time casts her grey, mysterious veil over all the past and makes even the homely beautiful.







I.

A MAN was once thinking of all this, and a great deal more no doubt, as he walked along the Boulevard du Montparnasse one day in early April. He was not looking for anything in particular, and yet he found something. He found an old wall and—he looked over it.

To this man and to this wall the American Art Association of Paris owes its origin and location. After his peep over the wall the man went home and dreamed. He dreamed him a dream of the past and spun it out into the future—a future full of help and pleasure to his fellow-men and, more particularly, fellow-students. He had been a student in Paris, too, in his time, with no friend to direct him and no place to go to for advice or associations. He knew that there were many who were tired and homesick and made unfit for work, just as he had been the first year of this stay.

And the dream waxed broad and long and founded a place for these fellows to assemble—a place where they could feel at home and which they could make a home of; a place where their own tongue was spoken and where their own country was most thought of; a place where patriotism was nourished and kept alive. This is what his dream was, and this is the dream he had often had before. But he had never been put onto the right track towards its realization until he stumbled against this old wall.

What he saw was a long, narrow building, whose entire first floor was below the level of the street. It had too many windows ever to have been used as a residence, and, indeed, on inquiry, he found that it had once been a private school-house, abandoned for want of room. A large lawn, at the time covered with weeds and debris, ran the entire length of the house and about one hundred and fifty feet parallel to the street. There were a few old trees scattered about,

and plenty of vines and bushes ran riot near the walls. The place looked barren and abandoned, but had not lost all trace of possible redemption. The vines were vigorous, and merely needed training to become graceful. The trees and bushes needed trimming, and the grass needed weeding, but it was the work of a moment to transform the place into a fine little paradise.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. A. A. Anderson conceived the idea of establishing in this place an association for the benefit of American students in Paris. No such thing had ever been attempted before. Many a club of art students had been formed—great, romping, roaring, Bohemian meetings—which were no special credit or benefit to its members. These clubs still exist and, no doubt, fill their purpose. We are not all constituted alike, and there are a few who rise above the old-fashioned ideas of Bohemian life in Paris as a necessary accessory to the study of art. They believe in inward cultivation and do their best to train the mind as well as the eye.

Mr. Anderson had long felt the need of an association where these wants could be supplied. The first step towards realizing such an endeavor was to find the right place and get it so far into running order that its own vitality would carry it on towards success. No doubt he realized some of the difficulties to be met with, and no doubt he was prepared to meet with obstacles and disappointments. But the courage of his convictions bore him through the first hard months, and now he is in a fair way of getting some satisfaction through the established success of his undertaking.

Through his personal efforts, and those of his friends, this half-ruined and abandoned place was entirely restored and the interior of the building renovated and furnished in a solid, comfortable manner, so that on the opening night, about the middle of May, 1890, the place presented a most attractive appearance to the curious and anxious assembly gathered there to listen to what Mr. Anderson had to say.

His was a quiet, straightforward talk, setting forth the evident necessity of such an organization and the benefits to be derived from it. He told them all that had been done; and ended by turning over to them, as an associated body of students, the house, on which he had a nine years' lease, and the property contained in it.

It was something of a thunderbolt, for at least two minutes passed before a word was heard, and I imagine the speaker must have felt—queer, to say the least, until a voice was heard demanding: "And who is to pay for all this?"

Ah, that question! Has it ever been rightly settled? Can it ever be rightly settled? Does not a new world spring forth into the azure depths of space and cry with its thundering, mighty voice, "Who is to pay for this?"

That is the point on which all things rest, and the Association is no exception. It was at first proposed to meet the expenses through the sole efforts of Mr. Anderson. Would we have been free-born Republicans and American citizens to have accepted that? No! No matter how small a portion we could cover with our hand, we still wanted a finger in this pie. Our finger amounted to ten francs a year as dues. This question was dragged through more than half of a sweltering May night and came out finally much the worse for wear.

Did anyone ever see a ball set off rolling with no little pebbles to rub its sides and annoy its smooth career? Some force always exists to counteract another force, and it is merely a solution of rectangles to determine which force is the greatest. The force of the Association did not expend itself in one unbroken direction. There was first a misunderstanding to pull it this way, and then a bit of envy or jealousy to pull it the other way. But the propelling force was always strong enough to push it forward, and forward it went. None of the prophecies of failure have been fulfilled. Whenever threatening clouds gathered a friendly gust of wind has carried them away and left us a clear sky and a bright outlook for to-morrow. But the more clearly we see ahead of us the more we find to do, and the wider our sphere of usefulness seems to become. And there are many problems to solve before we can spread. For, in order to do that, we must first feel ourselves well united. Every year will unite us more firmly and enable us to help each other in advice, comfort and associations.

The history of the past two years, which I shall try briefly to relate, will prove that we are justified in entertaining great hopes for the future. We all feel that we need and enjoy the place, that it supplies us with a want which we have always felt in our student life. It is the only recompense that most of us have for our exile in a foreign land, and when we can assemble together in rooms where our own tongue is spoken, where every thought is of home, we do not find the exile so dreary or the home so far away. It brings us closer together, and cannot help but generate a common feeling of good fellowship which will help us in our career as artists in the future. It will lay the ground-stone of an American feeling, an American individuality, and help to strengthen the growing American school of Art. By a constant union during our stay over here and by constantly keeping awake within us our feelings of national pride, we will be enabled to derive the greatest benefit from our French training and carry away with us the least of its evil influences.

This, then, is the wide field before us, and the bold inroads we have already made into the enterprise give us courage to look only forward and count the little deflections in our past career as merely the stones which must lie in everyone's path.



## II.

THE entrance to the Association rooms is neither ambitious, pretentious nor compromising.

One can gather all sorts of ideas of the interior as one stands before the small, low wooden door, with the big figures 131 standing guard over it. But I hardly think any of these ideas will be correct. If one has not heard about the building, one would imagine it the back private entrance into a lawn tennis ground. There is no visible building behind the old stone wall. Only from the opposite side of the street can we see part of the roofs and a few stray, straggling French chimneys or smoke-stacks staggering about at all angles.

There is a little green shoemaker's shop nestling under the shadow of the wall, in which a quiet old man has barely room for himself and his shoes, but still manages to have a seat to offer to all his neighbors who come to gossip *at* him, and has hardly the time to tell you the price of your bill when you are unfortunate enough to have had use for his services. He knows his customers, does the old man, and often slyly exposes, on his bench, a most tempting array of neatly mended second-hand shoes. Many a poor fellow finds a pair to fit him when his ship has not come in, when the weather is cold and wet, or when in any way his shoe pinches.



In front of the entry door is the concierge's lodge. What an important individual is this concierge in each Parisian household! He holds the key to every mystery, every scandal and every crime. He can make life almost miserable for one, if he cannot make it thoroughly happy. He is under the immediate supervision of the city police and is held responsible for all the people who enter into the house of which he has particular charge; so that to get on the good side of the concierge is always worth while. In the Association it is, of course, different, and one can almost afford to vex the concierge without loss of life or property.

The concierge we have is a most remarkable fellow, a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, and is a veritable treasure to us. He knows *everything*, and, knowing the usual condition of our purses, knows where to get *it* at the lowest possible figure.

He and his wife occupy the little lodge, out of which quantities of all sorts of traps come pouring forth on demand. "Have you got a pin?" one of the fellows asks. He is sent to the concierge. "Have you a saw?" The concierge supplies it. A load of coal, a horse and wagon, even an elephant I believe he would find you should you ask it of him. He has friends all over the town who are in the most widely differing occupations and can supply anything you can possibly want. He is a treasure and a paradox, for he is honest; and where can one easily find that? He has his weaknesses and often gets into squabbles with the boys because they *will* persist in tramping on his beloved grass or doing other things which ruffle his temper, or, rather, their own, when he expostulates with them. But we get along well together, and he is always sorry when some of "ces Messieurs" have to leave for America.





### III.

TURNING to the left, in the little vestibule where the members' register is kept, we enter the picture gallery. This is a good-sized room, with a glass roof and sliding curtains. The walls are covered with a sober maroon cloth, which helps the pictures immensely, and our pride, too. It is lighted at night by a line of gas jets, with curved reflectors running around all four of the walls, and looks brilliant as you please when lighted up on gala occasions.

This gallery is built on the site of an ancient garden—a little patch of ground used for some pet flower-bed, with an old marble fountain and a small basin for gold fish. It was a nice little nook, but of no use whatever to the Association, so it was converted into a picture gallery through the generosity of a kind friend.

It is used as a chess room during the day and also a part of the night. Regular tournaments are held here in Winter, and occasionally the members of the Y. M. C. A. or some other organization come over to play a challenge game. This is almost as popular an amusement as the game of base-ball during the Summer, and is as much talked of and "posted" as possible. Often during the progress of the game the combat waxes warm, and the ensuing battle of words is sometimes worthy of an exciting day on 'Change. But the result is always peaceful and without the loss of limb or life.



#### IV.

JUST beyond the gallery, and entered by three glass doors, is the library and reading-room. This is a low, cozy place and nicely heated in winter—in fact almost too easily—and a favorite lounging place during dark, bad weather when it is next to impossible to work for want of light.

The larger portion of this room is occupied by a great cloth-topped table, on which are to be found as many periodicals, magazines and comic papers as the ceaseless efforts of our librarian and the generous intentions of home editors can gather for us. One wall is lined with a book-shelf, already crowded to overflowing. Another has recently been added, with glass sliding doors, which is destined to receive and protect our more valuable books on art and science. Messrs. Lippincott & Co., and Harper Bros. have already sent us a splendid collection of valuable books. The rest have been donated, singly and in numbers, by members and members' friends, and are mostly of a light character, splendid companions for an idle, lazy evening, in a big, comfortable armchair.

Notwithstanding the rules and regulations posted that no loud talking is allowed in the reading-room, the fellows *will* get excited over some piece of political news or some art criticism or a reproduction in one of the magazines, and the arguments that follow often creditably counteract the war of words from the chess-players in the neighboring gallery. Interesting in the highest degree these talks often are and strongly bring out that inherent American characteristic, individuality. As many as six different sides are taken on one question.

Who does not know the character of the fellow who for mere argument's sake takes up a side issue and leads the rest of the party a rough race of hare-and-hounds way over hills and dales, miles away from the starting point, and finally winds up in a bog so deep and dark that nothing can save him or those who have followed! What fun to see him work and work to win his point, and

finally confess that he knows nothing about the question. There are several of these here every winter, good, merry fellows, who take the world as it comes, and if they don't like the color of the day, put on colored goggles and see it as they think it ought to be seen—always happy and content and making every one near them so.

And who has not met the misanthrope, who shuns the world and its giddy pleasures simply because it does not revolve around him, because *he* is not the centre of attraction. He, too, comes gliding into the rooms on a cold winter's night and scowls at the merrymakers and scolds because he is not left to his books and his gloom. He is more apt to join in and laugh and wear glasses with the rest of us before the winter is over and turn out a good, sensible fellow after all. Only a little hard shell to crack, and inside we find what we were looking for.

We all have our fits of blues, when even chrome yellow glasses won't make the day look bright and sunny—days when everything is wrong, when we had better have turned our mind to street-sweeping or farming instead of what we are actually striving for. Oh! what miserable, dull, aching days they are! We cannot account for them. They come and they go, always leaving a bitter taste behind them and a worn, restless feeling, and a desire never to work again. How apt we are to sit at home and cherish and protect the serpent in the warmest corner of our heart, jealous if anyone tries to entice it away from us with cheery looks and words!

Decidedly better for us to go to the Association and have the fellows jeer and scare away our moods, whether we will or not. "What's the matter, Smith; got the dumps? Did the old man tear your study to pieces, and did he sit all over you when you told him that that was the way you saw it? What *is* the matter with you, old man? Come and have a game of chess, or let's go and sing a song and scare the neighborhood, or let's go and sketch." We cannot resist such an endless string of appeals to our better sense and nature and finally forget our cares and are ready for a fresh start on Monday.

That is the kind of gathering we have in the reading-room—an exhaustive, ever-changing series of character studies. Sometimes an embryo lawyer or doctor or baker or candlestick-maker gets into the argument and tries to convince, by fair means or foul, the artistic side of the controversy that it is all wrong and too narrow and near-sighted to fight its own battle. It is as good for the art student as for them, that they belong to the Association and that by constant friendly rivalry they broaden each other, rub off the sharp edges that are ready to catch in any trouble that may be hanging around and tear our hearts and feelings. Everybody is welcome, and we always are glad to find another profession represented.



Near one of the doors leading into the hallway is that stern official sentry, the bulletin board, and next to it, as a balancing companion, the mail rack. Here, two or three times a week, the footsteps of the weary pilgrim after fame direct themselves. What a burden that rack must bear! What a lot of hopes and disappointments it has sent forth! How many messages of love and anger, of reward and punishments! If we had nothing else to do, it would be a curious study to watch that letter rack. How we pounce on it with eager delight when we see that there are letters from home! How triumphantly we drop into a chair and devour those messages, or how seemingly cool we walk to the bookshelves beyond and take out a book, as though we had not even looked for a letter! Oh, no! none of us have ever felt disappointed!

Here some of us read of the success or failure of our yearly work, our offerings to the Salon. Perhaps, even, we hear of a picture sold at home or an honor won at some exhibition. Here await us an endless array of advertisements for everything one can imagine, and hardly ever anything we really care to have. From the bulletin-board we learn of new rules and regulations—the awarding of the last monthly prize, the election of new members, or the departure of old ones.

There is another large bulletin-board in the room devoted to the “Bureau of Information.” Here we have a great conglomeration of notices at which Dante, perched on the top of the neighboring bookcase, looks down with strong poetic approval. For they run merrily, do some of these rhymes:

A bed for sale  
And stove as well,  
I'm going home  
And want to sell  
At rates that even the Temple can't beat.

This bed and stove,  
A pan to stew,  
An easel, stool,  
A chair or two,  
A Sèvres cup, quite worn, but a *treat*,

A mirror, cracked,  
(Louis Quinze frame,)  
I paid ten francs—  
Take two for the same ;  
A camera, tripod, the rest—incomplete—

All this I'll sell  
And much more, too ;  
So come and find  
What won't suit you,  
6 Art Alley—The Garret—Retreat.

But Dante's eyes are more particularly directed at a prose effort that runs like this :

“Wanted—By one frenchman who will the english  
“learn, and who gives the lesson in french to an english-  
“man who will him learn to speak english.”

This is lucid enough to encourage any one to accept so promising a pupil. There are studios to let, furnished and unfurnished; French, English and Spanish lessons; drawing, fencing and boxing lessons; guitar, singing and dancing lessons. In fact, one can learn all the arts and sciences and languages from a simple perusal of this bulletin-board, and, I doubt not, will be better advised, if he follows instructions, than if he consulted the Druids of yore. I verily believe one can find farms and vines, and stocks and bonds for sale on that bulletin.

Here all the demands for charitable or amusement and sportive purposes are made. It is perhaps difficult to get the first name, and still more so to get the amount opposite the name; but, the first step taken, the rest follow as though led by a string.

The sad and the comical often lie side by side, with no feeling of incongruity. A periodical clearing or sifting is needed when the notices become too numerous for perusal. When we find a bicycle for sale on top of a dancing lesson they fall of their own accord like seared leaves in Autumn, and the concierge—honest soul, not reading English, though he says that he is making progress in that direction—thinks them waste-paper and burns them. No one misses them, and they are soon replaced by others which, having duly aired their knowledge, are in turn acted on by the credulous and unsuspecting, and, having filled their purpose, go with the rest.





V.

LEAVING the library by a door near the letter-rack, we mount a tiny flight of steps into the hallway, from which, at our left, a door branches out to the toilet-rooms and the cloak room.

This cloak-room is well provided with hooks and pegs for coats and hats ; but, strange to say, they are seldom occupied. Even on a winter's night one rarely finds a dozen hooks loaded. The fellows prefer to lay their hats and coats on the first convenient chair, trusting to luck to find them there when they are wanted. Not unfrequently there is a search and scramble for a lost hat, and it is usually found in the cloak-room, neatly suspended from its proper peg and the last place in the world for the owner to think of looking for it. But, in a measure, it establishes the fact that "the boys" feel at home here, and *do* just as they would at home. Rules and regulations are well and good, but they are only chains to our perfect enjoyment and liberty ; when no harm is done, further than a crushed hat, a borrowed umbrella, or a strayed pair of gloves, why not disregard them and give the House Committee something to grieve about ? What are committees for, anyway, if not for grievances ? How they are abused and disrespected, and how their parliamentary rules are laughed at ! But no damage is done, and when accidentally a lamp-shade is broken, or a pane of glass, or a chair, the fellows promptly replace or repair the damage.

One question sorely vexed them, and that was the smoking question. Most of them smoked and wanted to smoke wherever they felt like it. In vain the non-smokers protested. In vain they asked for one room where they could be free from the friends of the weed. The propriety of keeping the parlor intact in

its social purity was overruled, and smoke they would, and smoke they did, all over the place, except in a cosy little smoking-room provided on the first floor, with a cushioned divan running all around the walls and a book-shelf with smokable books to read. That is but natural and the majority rules here as elsewhere.

Let us step into one of the doors to the right in the hallway and see what the parlor is like. A room fifty feet long and twenty-two wide has been constructed out of what was formerly a couple or three school-rooms. In the centre the roof is still arched and higher than at either ends, where formerly the school's reception-room most likely was.

This unevenness of the ceiling makes rather an interesting room. Two semi-circular niches are thus obtained, facing each other at the ends of the arched part of the ceiling, and in one of the spaces the Venus of Milo reigns supreme in her beauty. The opposite space has been recently decorated by one of the fellows in an allegorical manner. Art, stretched out before the altar of Fame, holds forth her willing palette-laden hand to Youth.

Spaces for decoration can be had on application to the Art Committee, and in the reading-room one of the panels between the doors leading to the gallery has been decorated with a charming figure.

I am afraid that the Venus will be dethroned soon, for one of the fellows wants to decorate her niche, and during the winter no doubt the place will be amply filled with "demands for space." So the poor, dethroned queen will have to content herself with a pedestal in the corner opposite to the one occupied by the Father of his Country. Beauty and goodness reign in here, and Dante reigns in supreme wisdom over the reading-room.

There are a series of five large windows in one of the long walls, overlooking the beautiful bit of lawn and garden, and the ivy-grown walls of surrounding houses. It is a perfect delight to sit at the windows and breathe in the good fresh air from the garden after a hot, weary day in the studio. There are plenty of soft cushioned arm-chairs and lounges and divans in the room, and a good grand piano occupies alternately one or the other corners. There is a soft carpet on the floor, quiet harmonious hangings and wall-paper, and plenty of gas-jets strewn around the walls, besides the large chandelier suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling. A nice, cosy, pleasing room this, and one we are always proud to show our visitors and to use on reception nights whenever the occasion demands.

Here the fellows gather around the piano when there is a musician among them. Occasionally the spirit moves them, and they play by the hour for us. If they will not do that, they will at least lead and accompany us in our jolly college songs, not sung too well, but with much feeling. What fun we have and



how we enjoy these *impromptu* concerts. Here the lectures are delivered during the Winter months. If necessary, the carpet is taken up and a stage erected at one end of the room and seats arranged in front of it to accommodate an audience of one hundred and fifty.

Facing the wall with the windows as we enter the room, there is a large folding door to our right, occupying nearly the half of that end of the room. It leads into the Committee-room. This room can be entered also from the hallway and the reading-room, and is used as an assembly-room for the directors whenever a meeting is called, and for other business purposes. On reception nights the folding doors are removed and the room is thrown open to the merry gathering. It is a simple, comfortable room and looks serious and in harmony with its purpose. There are arm-chairs and lounges for the members and cane-bottomed and backed chairs for the President and Secretary at the desk in the centre of the room. The monthly meetings here are sometimes lively and sometimes slow, often long and satisfactory. The four walls could tell many secrets, no doubt, but they would all show what a staunch interest was taken in the welfare of the Association and what wise measures were being taken to insure its every success.

\* Since the above was written this Committee-room has been besieged by the decorators. Its walls have been covered with an absorbent goods and are partly filled with decorations in distemper.





## VI.

**B**EFORE leaving this floor of the building, let us pause for a moment at the head of the stairs and peep into the Secretary's little den, that is, if he will let us. He is a savage sort of a fellow sometimes, but his bark is worse than his bite.

It is not a very large place, about ten feet square, but there is lots in it. Everything seems to drift into it and hang desperately to its walls or huddle closely in its four corners. There is a window looking out into the courtyard of the neighboring Colonial School. Here our Secretary, when weary of looking up unpaid dues or arranging papers and books which *will* not stay in order in the limited space assigned to them, leans pensively on the window-sill and looks at the young Mongolians next door enjoying their native sports.

Funny looking fellows, some of them—dark and foreign, and a few small specimens very much like the Japanese dolls one buys in the shops on the Rue de Rivoli and the Avenue de l'Opéra. Curious boys and curious games, these. They have a lead-loaded shuttlecock which they battle back and forth, touching it only with their heels, their heads and shoulders, and their knees. What amazing pranks they cut as they skillfully kick it high up into the air with an unaccountable backward twist of their foot and a forward twist of their body. Supple and quick as cats, they rarely miss their mark and caper all over the graveled yard for hours, only to give up that game for a tumble on the bars, the rings and the trapeze. No wonder their jugglers are so famous if made from such stuff. Occasionally they drag out a xylophone and hammer out doleful native airs as full of melody as tin cans and dogs' tails.

That usually ends the dreams of our Secretary and brings him back from his wanderings with poor little "Jack" in Daudet's novel, to the stern duties of his office. And yet the spirit of Jack and the King of Dahomey, of the good old doctor and his daughter, of the ambitious schoolmaster and his wife *will* hover over the leaves of the minute-book and try to crowd into them and thus be transmitted once more to posterity. Why can't they remain satisfied with their place within their own proper covers! Poor, poor Jack! Did *he*, too, look at the exiled little wretches tossing their shuttlecock back and forth?

There is a desk and a gas lamp, two cane chairs and a great pile of papers in the room; besides the old frames, forgotten works of art, occasional stray gloves and handkerchiefs, easels, stools, and even musical instruments. What a curiosity-shop it is, and how cool its tile floor in summer and how cold in winter?

No doubt the Secretary's quarters will in turn be transferred to more commodious and dignified rooms. They can never have, however, the associations that the narrow limits of these four walls contain. But the Colonial School is to be moved, too, I see, for there is a great white sign occupying half of the front of the building announcing this fact. One of the attractions of the little room will have gone with this bit of foreign element, and then we will not regret that it has been changed into a store-room or lumber-room, or perhaps even into a much desired bath-room.

We have lingered long enough and can go down the stairway to the ground floor of the building which, be it remembered, is one floor below the level of the street.





## VII.

THE first room we enter at the bottom of the stairs is the athletic room. Here in winter, the fencing and boxing classes meet and exercise. There is a good hard-wood floor, uncarpeted, and possessing the luxury of a great open fireplace. It is a bright, cheerful room, originally intended for the smoking-room. But when it was found that an extra room was needed, a small room opening out from this was fitted up and never used for a smoking-room. Being next to the athletic room, it was gradually converted into a sort of store-room where fencing foils, masks and gloves, bats and balls and bicycles were stored. To this purpose it has up to now been given over. But no doubt some day when the proposed improvements for a gymnasium can be carried out the little corner room will revert to its original purpose. On reception evenings the things are cleared out, and the place is used as a ladies' cloak-room, whereas the long boards in the larger room, used in fencing, are raised on tables and converted into a cloak-rack for the gentlemen.

In the hot summer months, when few of the members are in town, the three long French windows in this room are thrown wide open, and it serves as a clear, well-lighted studio for those who care to work there. There is always a nice breeze coming in from the garden, and, if necessary, one can pose his model in the sunny garden and work from the open doorway—bring himself in the shade.



## VIII.

NEXT to this room and entered separately from the hallway, the athletics room and the garden, is a small vestibule which, besides containing the great self feeding stove or furnace, is amply large enough to serve as a class-room for the French scholars.

The class is at times so large that it has to be divided into parts, each part taking its turn at the limitless French irregular verbs. What sorrowful times they seem to have and how terribly they do twist up the French language! After a while they gain courage enough to attempt their knowledge on the waiters in the restaurant, with most astonishing results. Of course, they insist that they gave their order perfectly right, but that the waiter hasn't enough sense to understand his own language. There are not a few who after a weary struggle of three or four months give up and say that English is good enough for them. On the other side of the vestibule, directly under the committee room, is the restaurant.

This restaurant has a history of its own and is still making its history. It was first proposed to try a co-operative restaurant—that is, the fellows were to pay so much per meal and guarantee to come so many days. We hired a cook and tried to run it on this basis. But it would not pay. Some of the fellows came and some did not, and altogether there was nothing to rely on, and so after three months' trial the scheme was laid aside as impracticable.

Then a restaurateur was put in charge. Thee rooms, kitchen, stove and light were given him free of charge, and he was to furnish the best meal for the least possible money. It went very well the first part of the winter. We had splendid food, well cooked, at a very reasonable rate. Things flourished and we thought we had finally found a solution of this problem. But as the summer months came along things did not run so well, and the portions were astonishingly



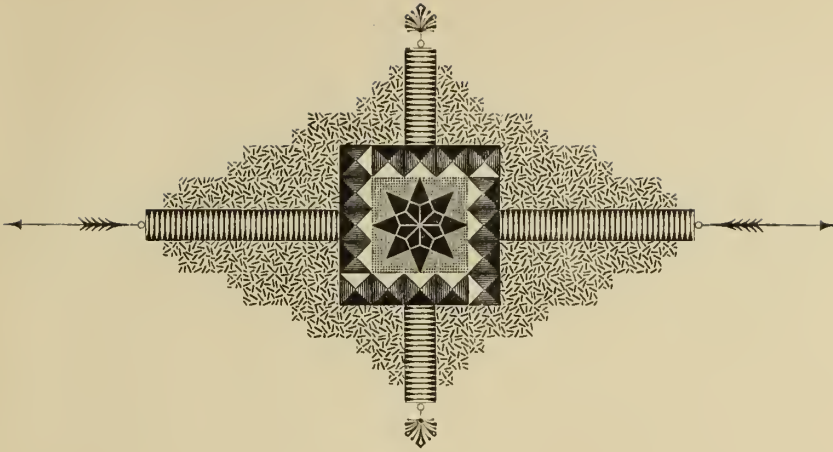
diminutive, so that there was some fear expressed lest before long we should need magnifying glasses to find what was on our plates. Luckily, towards the middle of June, there are so few fellows in town that a restaurant is unfeasible ; so the rooms and kitchens were closed and not opened again until the following November.

This time a woman took charge and promised to do well. She did her own cooking and had the help of the concierge and his wife as waiters, so that her expenses were comparatively small, and she could afford to feed us well. It has been by far the most popular and successful season since the restaurant was opened. We have had good meats and vegetables, well cooked, and seldom had anything to complain of. There were so many here in the evenings that we had to set tables in the vestibule and even in the fencing-room. But this treat could not be kept up. The poor woman went "smash," and so did the restaurant for a while, until our concierge and his wife took charge of it. Since then things have run smoothly, and Madame Concierge is picking up some American dishes with which to whet our appetites and spoil our—purses (?)

It is a noisy, hungry, joyous hour when the fellows begin to pour in and give their orders from the top of the stairs so as not to have to wait too long. What jokes and what laughter to help digest the food. From 5.30 until nearly 8 o'clock the noise is kept up, then the opening of the night classes draw many away, and the rest soon follow, to read, play chess and amuse themselves upstairs.

During the summer, that is, from the first of April on, it is warm enough to serve the meals out of doors. The tables are joined together in one long row, and we dine "*en famille*." What a delightful manner of dining, this, under the shade of the trees at noon and out on the gravel walk in the evening !





IX.

THAT is one of the delights we have in our little garden. It is perfectly secluded, and one can say and do what he pleases without fear of interruption from strangers.

There is on one side of the garden the building itself. A great mass of ivy covers it completely in summer. It is neatly trained around the doors and windows, and is a source of much satisfaction to us. Directly opposite the Association buildings rise the seven-story-high walls of the Hôtel des Etats-Unis. There are only a few windows in the wall, and they are hardly ever used. The bushes and vines around the bottom of the wall screen its bareness from view, and above them time has given the walls a fine, old, mellow tone, so one's eyes need not feel offended.

On the street side of the garden runs the much mentioned old wall, which is, however, entirely hidden from the inside. Only a delightful, dense mass of verdure to tell us where our boundary lies. From the street no one can look in on our privacy. The wall is too high, and we are too low. Opposite the old wall the remaining side of the garden is shut in by the back of a new set of studio buildings gone up since we have settled here. The vines are rapidly hiding it from view, and several large, flourishing trees will in time break the monotony of a solid wall surface.

So that we cannot find a fault with our garden and are proud of it. In the centre is a great circular grass-plot, and on the sides of the garden, separated by a gravel walk from the central plot, are flower-beds. The concierge has charge of this and is really brave in the way he exposes his flowers to the covetous looks of the fellows. But that much at least of the rules they obey with seeming condescension, and no flowers are picked, even when the temptation is greatest.



## X.

OCCASIONALLY during the fall, winter and spring, when the weather permits, garden parties are given, and then indeed the place looks fairylike in its beauty. Wires are strung from tree to tree, and Chinese lanterns are swung from them and in the trees and bushes. A chain is hung around the grass plot, and a succession of red, white and blue lights dangle most fantastically from their little wire cages. Here and there, where a dark mass needs breaking up, one of these lights is thrust in a very effectual manner. Tables are set out under the trees and chairs arranged for a tête-a-tête, which a few at least are fortunate enough to avail themselves of.

Imagine this fairy scene on a pleasant spring night, with graceful figures and soft, light dresses heightening the enchantment. In one corner of the garden a little arbor has been arranged, entirely hidden from view, and here an Italian band breaks the stillness of the moonlit night with softer, stiller southern melodies. The harp, the violin and the guitar go well together, especially in the open air, where the twang of the strings, touched by unskillful fingers, is lost.

On extra grand occasions a great broad pavilion is made, running the entire length of the building and about fifteen feet wide. The canvas is stretched from the roof of the building itself, and all the sides are provided with loose canvas, so that the entire pavilion can be shut in, in case of bad weather, which we have been unfortunate to have had only once. At the end of this structure is a raised platform, neatly floored and carpeted, a lamp chandelier swung over the centre and decorations of French and American nationality slumbering quietly side by side. The stage is further burdened with a piano, and on every occasion we

have had local and even far-famed celebrities help to entertain our guests. Here the dignitaries and functionaries of the evening sit in solemn state, with the weight of responsibilities resting becomingly on their black-robed figures.

Here the formal opening of the Association took place, on the 24th of May, 1890, and here each succeeding year this same joyous event has been celebrated. The place was hardly large enough to contain the gathering multitude. Certainly they could not all sit under the pavilion; so, some sat on the seats on the grass-plot and gravel-walks under the friendly canopy of a starlit sky. Some thronged into the building and saw and heard from the open windows of the first and second stories. It was an enchanting view indeed from above. The vista of the lantern-dotted garden, with its groups of light and dark figures, and the goodly gathering under the pavilion itself, was a sight worthy of a better commemoration than my poor pen can give it.

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid was present at this inaugural meeting, and his speech, as recorded by the New York *Herald*, is worthy of being quoted:

“ The request to say a few words at the opening of this American Students’ Association was one that could not be refused. It imposed a duty and conferred an honor. I respond to the one and make my best acknowledgment for the other. The enterprise inaugurated here has in it no element of charity or propagandism. It is a movement originating among American artists in Paris, intended for American artists and thought likely to do some service in the development of American art. It presents a plan for enabling a large number of young art students in a strange city to help themselves and increase both their strength and their comfort by associating their efforts. It offers an agreeable headquarters and a common meeting ground for such of these young men as have not forgotten their Americanism or lost their desire for American news, American faces and some features of the life they left at home. We are here in the heart of the Latin Quarter. There is not much in it, at first sight, to save young men fresh from the new world from a great sense of freedom and loneliness; yet nowhere else in Europe is there such a concentration of young Americans studying for professions; there are probably not a third as many students of art. A few go to Munich and a few to Rome or elsewhere in Italy, but, aside from these, almost all the students from a nation that numbers sixty-two millions of people, who seek instruction in art anywhere in the old world, are gathered within a mile or two of this spot. The organizers of this Association assure me that there are at this moment fifteen hundred American art students in Paris. Americans will regard with satisfaction the marked tendency to artistic pursuits shown by their young countrymen, both at home and in this recognized art centre of the world. No one can fail to see what generations of study and enjoyment of art have done for the French people. Who else the round world over could have made last year’s brilliant display, and achieved with it marvelous financial success, on the Champs de Mars? Our own people have been busy developing a continent and have led the world in subduing the forces of nature, yet art has an honorable past in the United States and boasts many worthy names. The artistic movement at home has outgrown the limits of one national academy. It has drawn to our private galleries the spoil of the best studies and best collections of Europe. It has made the Metropolitan Museum an institution not unworthy the great city which is the gateway to the Continent. I congratulate you, gentlemen, on entering the field at a moment so auspicious and rejoice with every American at the prospect that widens before you.”



Having spoken thus, when the clapping of hands ceased, Mr. Reid turned to a white-haired gentleman at his side, and speaking in French, introduced to the gathering him whom he styled the guest of the evening, the famous artist, M. J. L. Gérôme. Amid a storm of applause M. Gérôme arose and delivered a short speech. Afterwards came music and declamations, the latter by Mrs. Frank Leslie and Miss Hooper, the former by Mrs. Smith Blauwelt, Mr. Staats, Master Jules Boncherit, E. Humphrey Allen and Miss Lucie Leon. These selections were all warmly applauded. The concluding address was made by the Marquis de Rochambeau, as a staunch friend of America. The Marquis expressed the deep sympathy he felt for American students and for anything calculated to increase their happiness and their well-being during their years of study in Paris. The formal part of the evening ended with "My Country 'Tis of Thee," which was sung with wild enthusiasm, standing with uncovered heads.

During the first year of our proud career we had a visitors' night every Saturday. People would stroll into the rooms most informally, and usually some impromptu entertainment was gotten up out of the gathering itself. There were always musicians and singers, and when they were finished we found some other method of entertaining ourselves. But as can easily be understood, this weekly drain on our powers of hospitality, even when so kindly helped out by those present, was a source of much anxiety to our entertainment committee; so the following season they arranged a series of social gatherings, and most successful they were in this undertaking. Alternately every two weeks we had a ladies' reception and a stag entertainment.

This stag entertainment was virtually for members only, but in some mysterious manner others did manage to come in, and no doubt enjoyed it as much as we did. Sometimes the expense of these entertainments was borne by the members collectively, sometimes by the Association, an appropriation having been passed for that purpose at the monthly meeting of the directors.

Occasionally a friendly member bore the expenses personally. It is needless to say that on these latter occasions the cheer was good and plentiful, for we are apt to bear the question of economy strongly in mind when, as the French would say, "It agitates itself," of our own or the Association's purses—this not from a miserly standpoint, but from one of strict necessity. So, when we had a host, we did ample justice to his goodly entertainment and tried to repay him by being as merry and happy as he could wish.

Our banjo club and our guitar club would fill the air with plaintive plunks. Individually, too, they would entertain us, for who has ever heard of a gathering of students, especially free, easy art students, which did not contain some soloist of far-spreading local fame! Then we had our glee club, too. We tried to follow in the footsteps of our instrumental brothers, not always with the same



success. For here a note was false, and there a voice was loud, and sometimes it was all wrong, but we enjoyed it at least, if our audience did not, and as they good humoredly helped spoil the chorus of every song that had one, we have good reason to think that they enjoyed it too. We had some soloists, too, that made amply welcome our share of the evening's entertainment. A sweet tenor, a good round bass and a healthy baritone were always found, and they sometimes attempted a trio or even a quartette when the fourth could be persuaded to lend his voice. So much for the music, which on these unceremonious occasions was never prepared. Then we had speeches, recitations, comic and serious, German, Irish and French, and dances—negro dances, known and unknown, and all manner of character dances.

Imagine a great tall fellow, six feet six, dancing a hoe-down with a stout young fellow, four feet eight. It was the funniest thing of the season, and the ballet they gave together was simply beyond conception, in the absurdity of its movements and poses. The little man, all grace and movement, and the tall man, stepping entirely over him, all angles and jerks. We laughed until we choked and then had to drown our tears in—lemonade. When we get tired of the boisterous, we gather in a circle and tell yarns. Some of us, at least in our own opinions, are great travelers, or great huntsmen, or both, and can tell stranger yarns than a sailor can spin of adventures at home and abroad, afloat and ashore, and the fish stories and snake stories do not fall short of their measure.

Occasionally, as I have said before, we have lectures up in the parlor—lectures on Animal Locomotion by Professor Muybridge, lectures on Physiology, Anatomy and Phrenology. A screen is stretched across the room and lantern slides projected onto it. We do not always agree with our lecturer, but we enjoy the lectures nevertheless.

The ladies' receptions are of a different character; some are musicales, when the seats are arranged in the parlor and the Committee-room. On all such occasions the reading-room and the gallery are emptied as much as possible of their furniture, the carpet is taken up, and those who care to, can dance after the musical programme is over. Indeed it seems to me some of the guests come only just in time for the last song or last "Berçeuse" by Massenet, and are fresh for the dance that follows. Full-dress is not *de rigueur*, so the room is pleasantly filled with a variety of charming dresses, and everything is brilliant—and warm, as it should be.

On other occasions there is a great frame set in the doorway between the sitting-room and the Committee-room, and a series of charming *tableaux-vivants* given. Well-known pictures, portraits, and scenes are produced with splendid effect, for we have costumes and draperies by the score, and all of us know how

to pose our models. Usually on such evenings the entire building is decorated most tastefully. Eastern divans and boudoirs spring up in convenient corners. Tall mirrors, long, rich stuffs, flowers, and a thousand-and-one trifles lie, hang, or are spread about in harmonious confusion. To accomplish this we go around to the different studios and gather each man's treasures, which are always most cheerfully lent for the occasion. Great collections of arms and armors, of pots and vases, rugs and draperies are at our disposal, and with willing hands we transform the rooms into a scene Easternlike in its luxury and splendor. All the lights are subdued by masks of colored tissue paper, and where a light is really needed a Japanese lantern is dexterously hung. Flowers everywhere, and on no two occasions are the rooms decorated alike.

One fancy dress ball has been given with much success. Extra care and pains were taken in the arrangement of the rooms. Thus, for instance, the parlor was entirely Turkish in its appointments, the Committee-room Arabian, with a delightful cosy canopy-topped divan, almost hidden by a great group of palms and flowers. The library was devoted to a display of weapons—and a splendid exhibition it was. The entire building was thronged with unmasked but costumed figures. Here stalked a stately senator from the forum and there a mighty athlete from the arena; Moors, Turks and Egyptians from Rameses' and Cleopatra's times; long, white-robed natives of to-day; Germans, Franks and Gauls; Saxons, Greeks and Southerners—all in pleasant confusion. Here a gypsy flower- or fruit-girl, having a fortune told by a wiser Eastern astrologer. It was a splendid assembly, and one of the most successful and enjoyable of the season. It was a great opportunity for tableaux. This had been foreseen, and a frame and curtain provided. Here we saw famous studies by Rembrandt and Franz Hals; Francesca and Paolo; Marguerite and Faust; Romeo and Juliet; Ophelia and Hamlet—all passed before us in stately pictures. Later on there was a German in the gallery and reading-room, and all regretted that the rooms were not doubly as large to accommodate all the dancers. As an exception to the rule, which provided that all merrymaking must cease at twelve o'clock, the rooms were kept open until four o'clock, and indeed I think some of the fellows took breakfast there before going home.

\* \* \* \* \*

These entertainments are deservedly popular. All of us need some recreation of that sort, and an occasional mingling in society, where the presence of the gentler sex puts us on our good behavior, is splendid discipline for us and pulls out the weeds of bohemianism that have begun to grow. We must think of the times that are coming for us at home, where we are no longer romping careless students, but sober, earnest artists and doctors and lawyers and what not.

These little reminders, then, of what exists outside of our student lives are a benefit as well as a pleasure to us, and the willing way in which we work and prepare for them a day or two beforehand sufficiently tells the story of their success, if any is needed. I fancy our visitors, too, enjoy them and carry away with them a bettered opinion of those students who are painted blacker than they really are. It is to be hoped that this social form of intercourse will be kept up. We want to know and be known, and this is the most profitable and enjoyable manner in which to gratify this desire.

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## XI.

IT has been the custom to celebrate annually one or more of the National holidays. Thus, for instance, the first Fourth of July which the Association had known was celebrated.

The garden had been decorated, and the speakers' stand was most patriotically decorated with the Stars and Stripes. In the morning no doubt nature wept at the idea of so much devotion being thrown away in a foreign land. So the proceedings had to be gone through with in the first floor of the building, which was far too small to accommodate the large assembly of ladies and gentlemen who had answered the invitations to attend the ceremony of raising a flag sent over as a present to us from Postmaster-General Wanamaker.

The President opened the afternoon's proceeding by a brief allusion to the new institution and the important service it was expected to render to youthful citizens of the United States sent to Paris to pursue their studies in art and science.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid then in an effective speech introduced General Horace Porter, whose career he graphically related from youth upwards, until the time when he became a general in days of war and in days of peace. Minister Reid felt certain that the culminating point of the General's glory would be attained that day by the speech he was about to make on the subject of the glorious flag sent to the youthful institution by the Postmaster-General.

General Porter, who spoke partly in French and partly in English, amidst continual laughter and applause, alluded in glowing terms to the foundation of the American Republic after a long period of struggle and suffering; to the constant progress in the number of the States, which had increased from thirteen to forty-three; and to the high standard taken by America in the front of the civilized nations of the world. The old Republic, so much indebted to the chivalrous conduct of Lafayette, was proud to have this useful art institution established in the capital of the young Republic of la belle France, which possessed such serious and thoroughly recognized claims to the gratitude of Americans. The General concluded his discourse by recommending the students to cherish and honor the flag presented to their Association and to make strenuous efforts, individually and collectively, to contribute to the greatness of their beloved country. At the termination of his eloquent appeal General Porter was greeted with unanimous applause, and the entire company then sang "with heart and voice" two verses of the well known "Star-Spangled Banner."

This national demonstration was followed by a concert, in which several clever artists were heard. A violin solo was much appreciated, and the musical portion of the programme was brought to a close by Miss Emma Abbott, who sang the grand aria from "La Traviata" in admirable style.

At the conclusion of the concert, when, nature relenting, a few pleasant gleams of sunshine made their appearance, the Stars and Stripes were "raised" to the top of the mast in front of the institution amidst the hurrahs of all present. The cheers were mingled with the sounds of bombs; and finally the stirring words of the first verse of "The Star-Spangled Banner" were again sung by the company of patriotic citizens.

There was not much going on during the summer months, and for a time it looked as though these two initial celebrations were destined to be the final ones. However, when the first meeting was called in October, all the old members still in Paris, and a goodly number of new arrivals, gathered together and proceeded to the appointment of committees. Up to this time we had been living on a constitution drawn up immediately after the very first gathering of students. But gradually our wants increased and amendments were made as these wants manifested themselves. This original constitution, with the amendments, lasted a little over a year.

At the next October meeting a committee of five were appointed to draw up another. This, with the experience gained the previous year, was a vast improvement on the original constitution and placed us on a much firmer basis. After the adoption of this constitution, which raised the dues to twenty francs a year, with an initiation fee of ten francs, things went much more smoothly. The duties of the members and officers were well-defined and those who assumed the



responsibilities of the offices they filled lived up to them in a most praiseworthy and conscientious manner. The regular monthly meetings of members were abolished, and only the officers and Board of Directors met monthly to elect new members, receive reports, transact business and pass on all bills. The regular members' meetings were limited to a yearly meeting the last Tuesday in October and a semi-annual meeting the first Tuesday in May. Under this simpler arrangement the confidence and co-operation necessary were established, and the new impetus given to the Association in consequence was strongly felt.

A series of monthly competitions for prize paintings, and clay, wax or other pieces of sculpture, were continued. Exciting times they were, too. The gallery walls were covered with competitive sketches and finished pictures. They were all supposed to be sketches, so that all might have a chance to compete. But it is exceedingly difficult to draw the line between a sketch and a picture, so the rule has merely become nominal. The pictures exposed for competition are numbered and voted for by ballot. The evening for voting is usually the evening when there is a stag entertainment. Then there is usually the largest number of members present, and one can safely assume that the picture most liked by the majority of those present will get the prize. We vote on the best five. If, as usually happens at once, one picture gets a majority of votes, the prize is at once accorded; if not, another vote is taken on the five highest numbers. This usually settles the question, and we have always been satisfied with the final results of the voting. These prize pictures are then permanently hung in the parlor and become the property of the Association. Already there are a goodly number of these pictures adorning the walls, and some day we will have a most worthy collection, all reminders of companions who no doubt are some day destined to rise to the top of the ladder of Fame. The prize money is entirely derived from voluntary contributions. Thus far it has mostly come from one source—the source from which most of that which we have to be thankful for has come. Some day I hope it will be possible to establish a fund for this prize money. There are probably six months out of the year during which these competitions take place, and if we had the six hundred francs for prize money at our disposal, I know of no better way to invest it than to devote it to this purpose. It creates an interest and an aim. A purpose, however, beyond our reach, is better than no purpose at all. We all enter with the best feeling in the world into these friendly competitions. A little rivalry of this kind is good for us, and no matter how weak or how strong we are, it helps us to know that we may compete for a prize. Many of the things on our walls are worth three times over the prize money paid for them, but the fellows feel proud of this honor and are willing to do their best to win it.

Besides these concours for pictures, we have concours for menu cards invitation cards, souvenirs and any little things we may need to make our entertainments more artistic. The manner in which the members come to the front in these competitions, where no prize is expected, is, to say the least, a source of much satisfaction to the officers of the Association, as evincing a warm attachment, interest and appreciation in the welfare of their Association.

Perhaps this is the proper place to state, if it must be stated at all, that the illustrations for this little book are the result of a competition of this kind. It is true a prize was given to the two best, but I am convinced that the number and quality of the sketches for the illustrations would have been just as good and great had the competition been entirely voluntary and objectless.

This shows what we need, and we try to study our needs and help each other to the best of our ability. We feel that an understanding of the history and theories of art, the study and theory of architecture and decoration, will be most beneficial, and we try in every way to supply these needs with a collection of books in our library. We hope some day to be able to have at our command all that we need in this direction, and already kind friends have troubled themselves to help us in our collection. We would have a series of lectures in winter—lectures on architecture, anatomy, music and literature. Already we have lectures on music and the theory of music and hope next year that we will be able to go on with all this and much more.





## XII.

THAT our efforts for the establishment of an Association for the mutual benefit of students in Paris have been appreciated at home and here in Paris has been abundantly manifest. But in no more pleasing a manner could it have been shown than on the occasion of the first Thanksgiving celebration in 1890, when the members of the Art Students' League of New York, sent us a number of American turkeys. We had arranged for some outdoor sports in the Bois-de-Boulogne and had looked forward with eager anticipations to the games of foot-ball, base-ball, races, etc.; but alas! it began to snow early in the morning, and that put a stop to the out-door part of our celebration. But the feast was not interrupted, and all day long the committee were busy arranging the tables and hurrying up the cook and his assistants, who, French like, seemed willing to wait until the last moment. Before the turkeys were dressed and ready to be roasted all of us who were present grouped ourselves on the gravel walk in front of the kitchen, and in the midst of a lively snow-storm were photographed, together with the turkeys. What shouting and pushing to be nearest to that national bird!

The tables were arranged in the parlor and committee-room, and the hundred hungry fellows who sat down to them were as typical a Thanksgiving gathering as could be had. How we did eat, and what a deafening hurrah went up as finally a monster turkey was brought in and set before the president! There was cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes and green corn, too, that day, and anyone who has lived in Paris will appreciate the efforts that were made to secure this menu. To cap the climax some of our lady friends and well-wishers sent us great quantities of mince, pumpkin, lemon and apple pies, and we moved them a unanimous vote of thanks then and there and—ate the pies. A member of the

Art Students' League, who had but recently arrived, answered the toast presented to that body, and cheer after cheer greeted his response. There were other toasts, too, and speeches *ad libitum* by those who had something or nothing to say. Of course songs were not wanting, and until late at night we sat at the table, singing and talking and enjoying our holiday to the utmost.

Such a success was this dinner, and so well pleased were we with its results, that at the November meeting it was proposed to celebrate Christmas Eve in a like manner, and so we did. This time the tables were arranged in the library and gallery, as there was not room enough in the other rooms for all the places applied for. It was a quieter meeting, but none the less jolly and enjoyable, and just as successful as could be desired. Of course there was Jones, who wanted to sit near Brown, and Smith, who wanted to sit near Green, and there only being three places together, of course Jones and Brown lost their companionship for that evening, and vowed that the whole thing was mismanaged and that *they* could have arranged it just right so that *everyone* would have been placed. "My dear Jones, my dear Brown, had *you* been satisfied there would have been Smith and Green separated or Davis and Harris. Besides—you were not on the committee and cannot know the griefs and the trials of a committee on dinners."

With such exceptions *all* of our banquets have been a marvelous success. Washington's Birthday was not the least noticeable of our celebrations, and the original poems, speeches and songs were extremely appropriate and quaint. On the 20th it began to snow, and the fellows, in great glee at the novel idea, betook themselves to model the noble George in snow. Great balls of it were gathered, a scaffolding erected, and a colossal bust of Washington modeled in the centre of the garden. How they did work it, and how astonishingly good the result was! The scaffold was cleared away, and water poured gently over the figure to help freeze and preserve it.

Alas! The sun came forth in all his envious glory on the morning of the 21st, and on Washington's Birthday there was only a pool of snow-white blood to tell the tale of the disaster.

"Here's the way we did up the old man!  
On a gorgeously dignified plan,  
And we hoped he'd remain,  
But the sun and the rain  
Caused his courage to melt—so he ran."

Probably the most extensive attempt at entertainments was a farewell dinner given to Mr. Whitelaw Reid. He had been with us on every occasion of festivity and merrymaking, and had in one hundred and one ways showed his interest and appreciation in our Association. His predictions had been more or

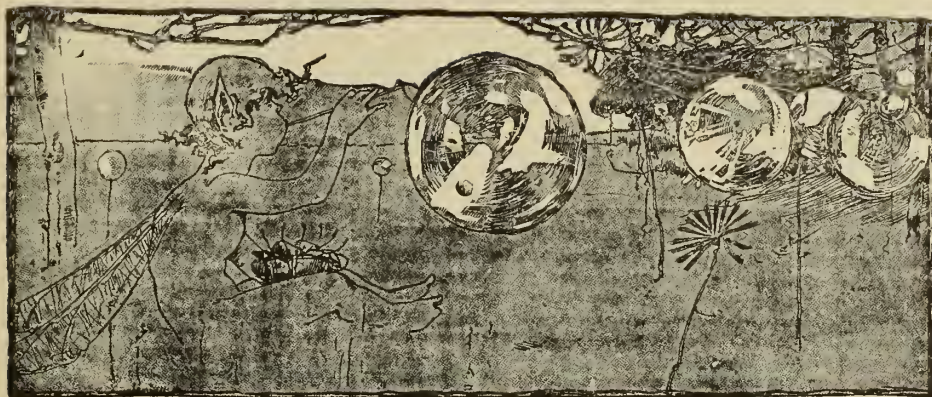


less verified, and on the announcement of his coming resignation and departure from Paris we unanimously voted him a farewell dinner. He was to see us as members, as students and as fellow-countrymen. We wanted him to see us at home, so that he might know what manner of fellows we were and what we could do to prove our earnestness and our titles to manhood and good citizenship. We invited all of our honorary members, and most of them came, the rest sending regrets. Besides these, all the eminent French artists in Paris were invited and many of them came, showing and later on expressing the good feeling that they had for us, and the respect they had for the hard-working earnestness of all their American pupils.

Some of their prophesies of the rank the American school of art was to take in the schools of all the world were flattering in the extreme. Monsieur Bouguereau, who is well known to all of us, and whose severity and unswerving justice we have all been witness to, spoke with much warmth of feeling on the subject and declared that the same force of character, the same concentration of will, which put us ahead of the world in the mechanical and industrial arts of the times, would one day carry us to the front in art. He said that we were not yet an artistic nation, but that all we needed to become so was the training which we were getting over here. "Let me advise you to continue in your paths of conscientious application and try to get as much good of the French art as you can, and when you leave do not take the bad with you," were his concluding words. Benjamin Constant, Gabriel Ferrier, Falguiere, and others answered in a like manner to the calls made on them for speeches, and Mr. Reid, in his quiet, impressive manner, told us of the gratification it had given him to meet us and know us in this manner. He, too, gave us advice, not as an artist, but as a layman much devoted to art and particularly to the art of his country. He assured us of his continued interest and sympathy, and that he left us with an assured feeling of our future progress and success as an association and as individuals.

There was much passing to and fro of menus to be signed by our great and honored guests. This was no doubt new to the French professors, but they good-humoredly entered into the spirit of the thing and did not tire of the continued demands on their patience. We are apt to be almost overwhelming in this respect, we Americans, and no matter what these French gentlemen thought of our autograph craze, they certainly showed no sign of being bored by it, though I have no doubt each must have signed his name over seventy-five times.





### XIII.

WHERE nine Americans are assembled there is sure to be created a baseball club. It is simply one of the national characteristics. We can no more help it than the English can subdue their love for cricket or the Spaniard his love for the bullfight. So we, too, have the base-ball crank in our midst.

Every week, from early in March until not a fellow is in town, there will be a notice on the bulletin-board to the effect that—"On Saturday next base-ball at the Bois-de-Boulogne, near the shooting grounds. Game promptly at 3 p. m. Anyone wishing to subscribe for a new bat and ball will please sign his name and the amount opposite." On Saturday, rain or shine, they assemble out there and wear themselves out shouting, laughing, running and batting, and vow it was a "fine game."

They had quite a time getting possession of their present grounds. Driven by the vigilant police from one place to another, and finally, I dare say in acknowledgment of their persistence, were allowed to use this bit of ground, not the very smoothest and best in the world, but good enough when no other was to be found. Not only the players themselves assemble there, but pick-nicking parties or passing Frenchmen come straggling along and wonder what "ces droles d'anglaises" are doing. They do not see any rhyme or reason in this wild shouting and wilder running, and as for catching a ball—"No, merci, it will hurt my hands, and it is too much work!"

A lemonade man with a great earthenware jar filled with a yellowish, queer tasting mixture and a lemon floating atop on a voyage of lonely discovery, has espied a bonanza, and in great secrecy steals away from his brother venders every Saturday afternoon with an extra jar of water and no lemons, to return at night with a pocketful of sous. They are a thirsty lot, these funny Americans, and it pays even to bring out bottled beer and sandwiches. Next year they may get up a champion game and hire some decent grounds and give a series of games for the Association's benefit.

A year ago a dramatic club was started and later in the season, with the valuable aid of some of the young lady students, a performance was given with much success, socially, dramatically and financially. A small theatre was hired for the occasion, to the infinite disgust of the chairwoman, who made not a cent on the programmes and but few on the chairs and cloaks, it being an American affair altogether.

The proceeds were handed over to the Association and materially helped us to make both ends meet. The orchestra on this evening was composed entirely of members, and it had its share of applause and honor during the performance. Everybody came, and it was good to see an American audience once more and to feel that the applause was not paid for.

One or two Frenchmen with their families strayed in somehow or other, and their surprise and wonder was comical to behold when they saw this strange audience, seemingly one great family, for they visited each other, called from all parts of the house to one another and were, in fact, as unconventional as could be. Imagine their astonishment when the curtain rose and when the actors began to speak! But not one of them got up and left before the act was over, and one old *pater familias* staid during the entire performance, and his three daughters and their portly mamma with him. I wonder what his thoughts were when he went out and what they had to say to each other when no longer in danger of being overheard. No doubt they agreed that they were pretty, those American girls.

Various schemes were suggested during the Winter sittings of the Board of Directors whereby we could in a measure help ourselves towards the funds necessary for running expenses. One of these, a sale of pictures for the benefit of the Association, was partly carried into effect. A committee was formed to solicit pictures from members and friends. Unluckily we chose the wrong season of the year for this sale. Our friends answered most willingly and nobly to our call, and we had a collection of over sixty pictures and sketches ready.

After the annual celebration of the evening of the 24th of May, we announced the sale of pictures at public auction, reserving for ourselves the privilege of withdrawing pictures which did not bring the valuation price. An

easel and a reflecting light arrangement were put on the stage, and one of our members acting as auctioneer, the pictures were brought on without arrangement or forethought. But it was soon evident that we had not the proper buying element in our audience, and so after an hour and a half of slow bidding we closed the sale and adjourned to the dancing rooms, where much more interest and animation was displayed. Only fifteen pictures were sold, but we realized enough from them to encourage us in the hopes that the sales of the remainder would bring us a handsome sum. In the fall, therefore, we are to have another sale, and by the experience we have gained we hope to bring about good results.

Other things are brewing, and we want, if possible, to put ourselves on a more independent footing than ever. There will be difficulties in our way, no doubt, but we have courage, faith, friendship and approval on our side, so that we need not fear complete failure.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is, in brief, a history of the American Art Association since its opening, and it can be easily gathered from this rapid sketch what our aims and ambitions are. We want to forward American Art in every possible way. Our share in doing it may be a very small one, but every little helps, and we hope that our share is not the least important one.

In the development of a man's character the years he spends as a student have a lasting, dominating influence. He receives and retains impressions that last him all his life. In Art, not less than in any other profession, a man's value or standing must depend greatly on his character. It is the expression of the effect of nature on his character that makes him a lesser or a greater artist than others. If, then, we can in a small way help retain in him a national pride, help to preserve in him a good home influence, he will live and leave here with these characteristics strongly imbedded in him, and they will be the elements that form the coming American School of Art.

A time is coming, not far off I hope, when we shall no longer need to make pilgrimages to the shrines of art. We will have a shrine of our own, and its temple shall be a good one, for so the priests of strange temples and strange lands have prophesied. In all ages and in all things there have been pilgrims. It is they who bring back and spread the wonders of the lands they have visited. The American artist of to-day must be but a pilgrim in art. He must build and support his own temple when he returns home, and each little which helps to preserve him distinctly a citizen of the United States will increase the strength and character of this temple.

We are an ambitious nation. We want that in the history of ages our name shall be read with feelings of admiration, with respect and with pleasure. We are creating our history and we want it to be as great and good as the history of famous nations that are or have been. We know that the influence of a nation's art on her civilization and progress has been and always will be very marked. So we feel as responsible as any one; though often we are not given the credit of a thought on the subject.

We may be a thoughtless set to the outsider. We may seem a useless, luxurious appendage to the professions of the world. But we have thoughts and feelings and try to express them, too, and what more can we do with the small powers given us?

So, then, we feel that we need this resting-place during our pilgrimage. It reminds us of home; and what is pleasanter for a wanderer to think of than his home? Think of us, then, with sympathy and kindness, in our rooms; it helps and strengthens us to know at least that our efforts are appreciated.

E. H. WUERPEL.





CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS  
OF THE  
AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION  
OF PARIS.

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ARTICLE I.—*Title.*

The name of this Association shall be the "AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION OF PARIS."

ARTICLE II.—*Object.*

The object of this Association is to afford to such American students, art and other students, and other persons interested in art, as may become members thereof, a place of meeting, facilities for the promotion of good fellowship and a stimulus to sustain attachment to home and country and the advantages of organized effort.

ARTICLE III.—*Officers.*

The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary, Librarian, Historian and five directors, who, in addition to its House Committee of three members, shall form its Board of Directors, who shall be elected at the annual meeting.

ARTICLE IV.—*Committees.*

There shall be appointed by the President, upon his election, and with the consent of the Board of Directors, an Information Committee of three members, a Visiting Committee of three members and an Entertainment Committee of five members.

There shall be a House Committee of three members and a Committee on Elections of five members, who shall be elected at the annual meeting.

ARTICLE V.—*Members.*

Membership—1—Membership shall be Active, Associate, Life and Honorary.

2—All applications for membership must be made in writing and addressed to Committee on Elections, candidates to be nominated and indorsed by two members in good standing.



3. This committee shall post all approved candidates for two weeks, and if no valid objection against them is received in that time by the committee he may be elected by a two-thirds vote of the Board of Directors.

4. Each candidate upon his election shall be notified by the Secretary, in writing, and upon payment of initiation fees, dues, and signing the Constitution, shall be considered a member.

5. Active members shall consist of all those who are citizens of the United States.

6. Associate members shall consist of all those who are not citizens, and shall have all privileges of active members, except to vote and elect officers.

7. Life members shall have all the privileges of active members.

8. Honorary members shall consist of those whom the Association desires to place upon its honorary roll.

#### ARTICLE VI.

This Association shall meet semi-annually on the last Thursday of October and the first Tuesday of May, the annual meeting to be in October. The Association shall meet at such other times as it may be called by the President or acting President, or by him upon the written request of six members, of each of which meetings due notice of not less than three days shall be given by mail. At each and all of these meetings fifteen members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, and only such matters for which the special meetings are called shall be acted upon at special meeting.

#### ARTICLE VII.

The rules of order embraced in "Roberts' Rules of Order" shall govern the deliberations of this Association, as far as the same may apply, and the order of business therein shall be followed, unless suspended or transferred by a two-thirds vote.

#### ARTICLE VIII.

All meetings for political objects, as well as all political discussions, are forbidden.

#### ARTICLE IX.

1. In case of violations of the rules of the Association, or of the laws of honor or decorum, the Board of Directors can suspend such member, and the general meeting of the Association shall decide upon the expulsion of the member. No member shall be expelled until due notice shall have been given him of the charges brought against him.

2. Any member who shall neglect or refuse to pay his dues can be expelled ninety days after notification.

#### ARTICLE X.

1. All gambling is positively prohibited.

2. There shall be no bar for the sale of liquors on the premises of the Association.

## ARTICLE XI.

This Constitution may be altered or amended at the annual meeting, such alterations to be ratified at the next regular meeting. In case of an emergency, a special meeting may be called by the President for that purpose, providing the members be notified by the proposed amendment or alteration not less than ten days before the date of holding such meeting and the same has been posted on the bulletin-board for the same length of time. In all cases the consent of seven-eighths of the members present is necessary to effect a change.



# BY-LAWS.

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## DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

### ARTICLE I.—*The President.*

1. The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association and its Board of Directors.
2. He shall appoint all standing committees of the Association.
3. He shall sign all contracts of the Association upon authority of the Board of Directors.
4. He shall be *ex-officio* member of all committees of the Association.
5. He shall sign all orders upon the Treasurer when so requested by the Board of Directors.

### ARTICLE II.—*Vice-President.*

The Vice-President shall officiate in the absence of the President.

In the absence of the President and Vice-President the Board of Directors shall elect a President *ad interim*.

### ARTICLE III.—*Librarian.*

The Librarian shall have charge of library and reading-room, and all papers, periodicals and books therein, and shall keep catalogues of same, and shall see that all rules pertaining to the library are enforced and shall refer to the House Committee in regard to any matters relating to the better arrangement of the reading-room and lack of facilities.

### ARTICLE IV.—*Historian.*

The Historian shall record the principal events of the Association as they occur, and at the annual meeting shall give an account of the year's doings of the Association.

### ARTICLE V.—*Secretary.*

The Secretary shall keep the minutes of the Association and its Board of Directors; he shall keep the accounts between the Association and its members; shall receive all dues from the members, give his receipt for same, the money to be then immediately turned over to the Treasurer, taking his receipt for the same.

He shall notify all members by mail of the time of holding all regular and special meetings and attend to any other duties appertaining to the office of Secretary. He shall sign all orders upon the Treasurer when so requested by the Board of Directors and shall make an annual report, and shall notify those appointed on committees.

#### ARTICLE VI.—*Treasurer.*

The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys of the Association received as dues and all moneys paid into the treasury of the Association, and shall pay out no moneys except upon orders signed by the President and Secretary. He shall keep the Board of Directors informed of its financial condition at each of the stated meetings of the Board of Directors and of the Association ; his accounts shall be audited before each annual meeting by the Board of Directors.

#### ARTICLE VII.—*Board of Directors.*

There shall be elected at the annual meeting five directors and a House Committee of three members, who, with the President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary, Librarian and Historian, shall form a Board of Directors. It shall have complete control of the affairs of the Association, pass upon all bills presented, receive and act upon reports of all committees. In the event of a vacancy by death, resignation or departure, the Board shall have power to fill such vacancy for the unexpired term. It shall hold regular meetings on the first Tuesday of each month and such other times as may be called by the President. Five members shall constitute a quorum. The Board shall at no time either encourage or incur any expenses beyond the actual income of the Association.

#### ARTICLE VIII.—*Committees.*

1. The House Committee shall make such rules and regulations from time to time as may be necessary for the protection of the Association property, the comfort of its members and guests, and shall report monthly to the Board of Directors.

2. The Entertainment Committee shall have charge of all entertainments of the Association and shall notify the Board of Directors of the time and nature of the entertainment in advance at the earliest possible date, and shall notify all members by mail of important entertainments.

3. The Visiting Committee shall seek out and visit any students who are sick and in distress and aid them as much as possible and report the case to the Board of Directors.

4. The Information Committee shall keep a record at the Association room of boarding houses, rooms, studios and art schools ; and any American student coming to Paris, and having made application, will be met at the railway station by a member of this committee and be aided by all the means in their power.

5. All committees shall report monthly to the Board of Directors.

## ARTICLE IX.

1. The wilful mutilation, destruction or abstraction of Association property will be followed by expulsion of the offender and prosecution to the full extent of the law.
2. Any member knowingly violating the rules shall be suspended by action of the Board of Directors.

## ARTICLE X.—*Dues.*

1. Every member upon his election shall send to the Secretary ten francs as an initiation fee.
2. Dues are payable annually on the first of November.
3. Those members elected after the first of November and before the first of May shall pay full year's dues in advance ; those elected after the first of May, shall pay six months' dues in advance.
4. If the dues of the elected candidates are not paid within thirty days from the time of notification of election their names will be stricken from the roll.
5. No resignation of members will be accepted unless their dues have been paid up in full to the time of their resignation.
6. The annual dues shall be twenty francs, payable in advance.
7. The life members shall make one payment of one hundred francs.
8. Members in arrears shall be notified by the Secretary, and, if their arrears are not paid within thirty days, their names shall be posted in the reading-room, and they can be suspended by action of the Board of Directors within sixty days of their notification.
9. It shall be considered sufficient notification if notice be mailed to the last address given to the Secretary of the Association.
10. Any members of the Association in good standing leaving France, upon due notice of such departure to the Secretary, can have his name placed on the absent list, all dues to be remitted during his absence.
11. Complimentary tickets for the rooms of the Association for thirty days can be received upon application to the Secretary.

## ARTICLE XI.

These By-Laws may be altered or amended by a two-thirds vote of the active members at a regular meeting, or at a special meeting called for that purpose upon two weeks' notice, the notice giving the proposed amendment, and the same posted on the bulletin-board for the same length of time.

## ARTICLE XII.

N. B.—Gentlemen may be admitted as visitors when introduced by a member, who shall register the visitors' names in the book provided for the purpose.

## ARTICLE XIII.

These rooms shall be closed on Monday.



ARTICLE XIV.—*Order of Business.*

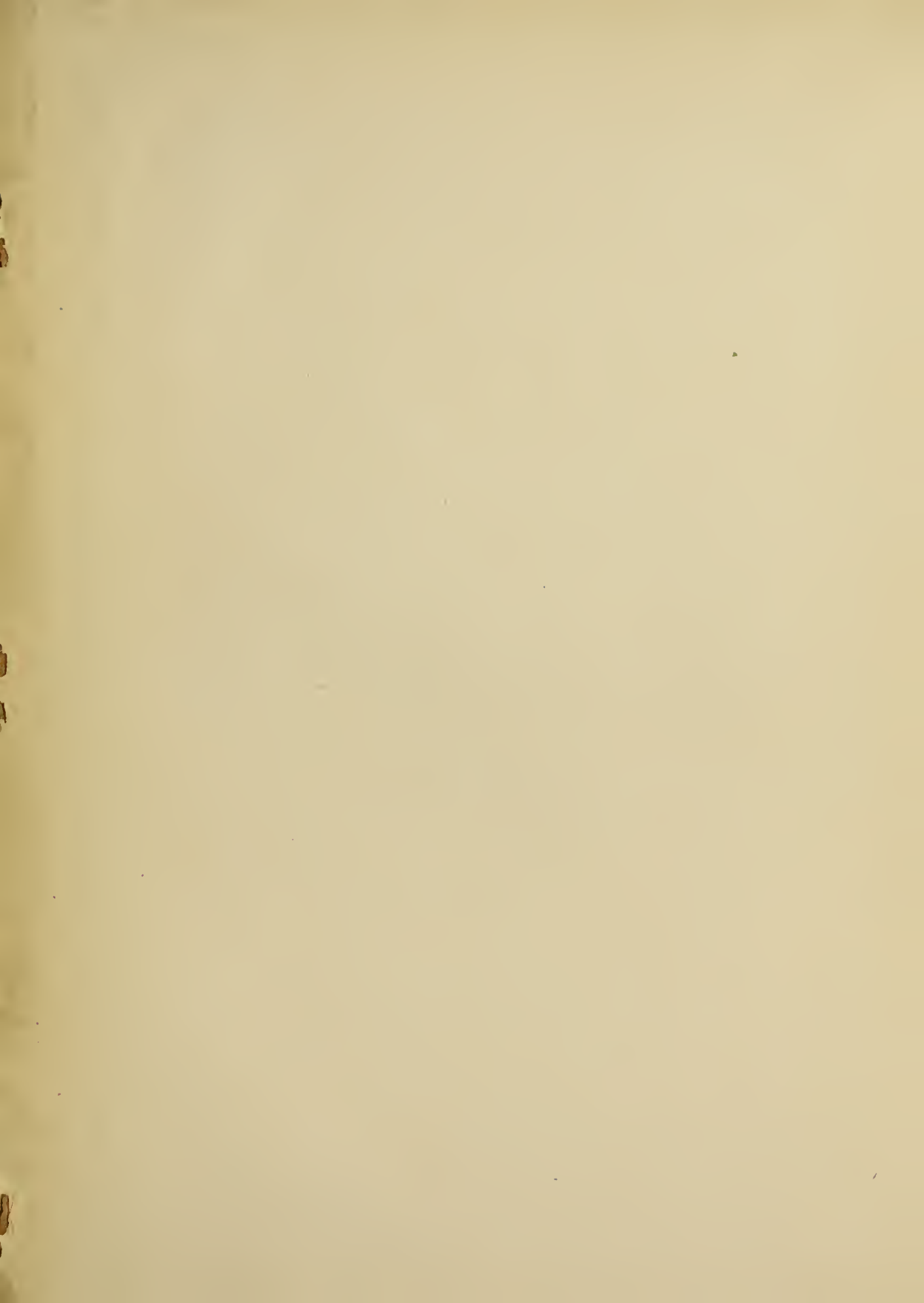
1. Calling of the roll.
2. Reading of the minutes.
3. Reading of communications.
4. Reports. Board of Directors, Treasurer, Librarian, Standing Committees,  
Special Committees.
5. Elections.
6. New business.
7. Unfinished business.



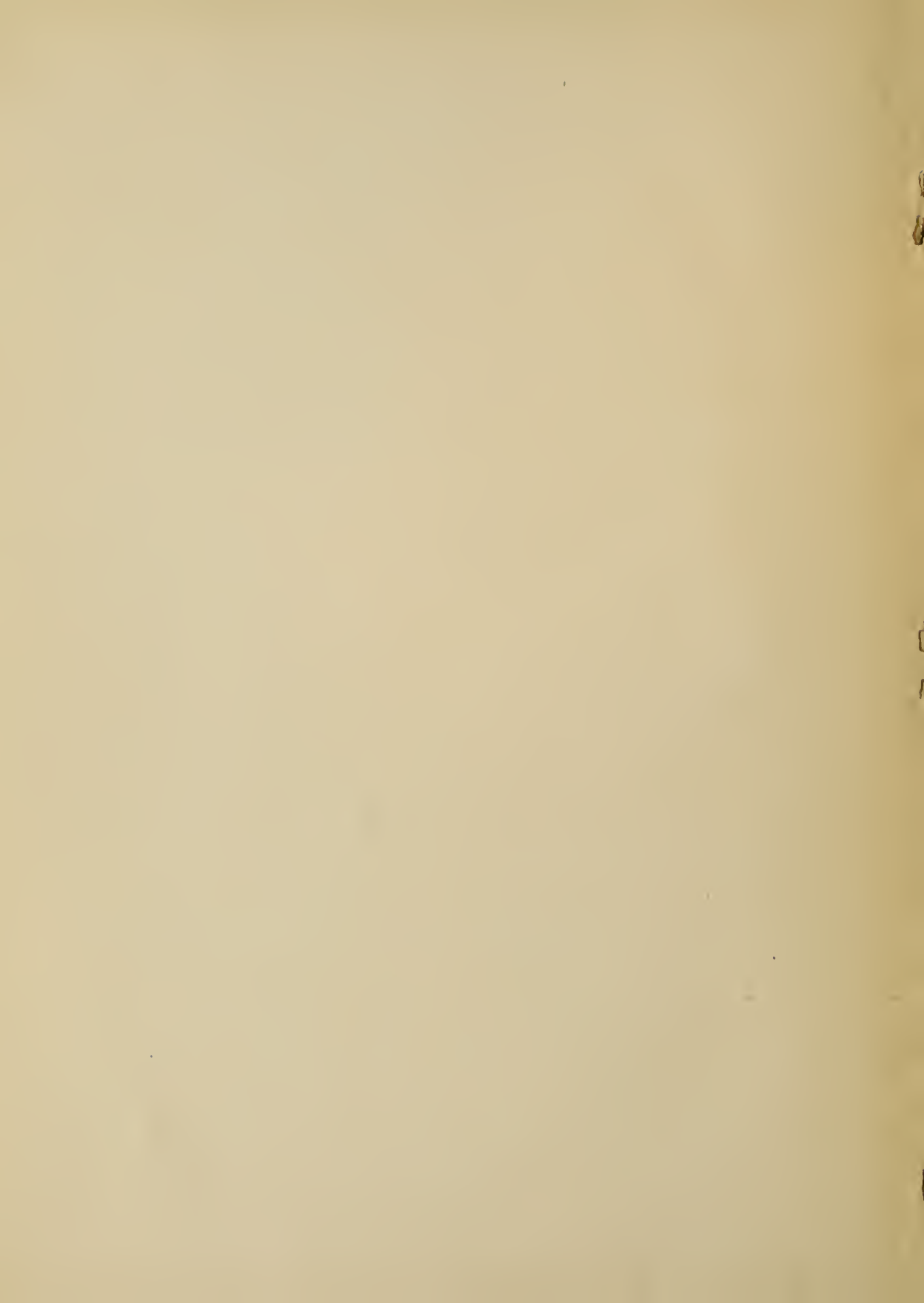
















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